THE COLossUS OF BOND

"Alan Bond - The Millionaire Folk Hero"

A STATUE TO BE ERECTED
ABOVE THE ENTRANCE TO
PREMANTLE HARBOUR.

THE ENORMOUS REPLICA OF
THE AMERICA'S CUP
IS FOAMING FULL SWAN
LASER TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS A DAY.

TO BE FINANCED BY
PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION,
SEVEN PENCE
PER DAY OF £100 TO THE "CUP".

"ALAN BOND - A MAN OF PUNCH."

FREE

not to be sold
E D I T O R I A L  2, 3 & 4

Hi. This issue of TREASON was produced by the Freedom Collective and Friends in the Swan River Colony (i.e. Western Australia, though it hasn’t changed much). It consists almost entirely of writing and graphics produced by us, which partly explains why we are so late. Some of the other, and more important, reasons why we are late are explained in the articles. One of the troubles of being a small group of anarchists in an overgrown suburb pretending to be a city is that we attract more police attention per capita per action than our friends in Sydney and Melbourne. Brisbane is a bit different – but then, Brisbane anarchists have been a little surprised at visiting the “State of Excitement” to discover that the level of repression here rivals that of the Banana Republic, (though, sad to say, the opposition to it doesn’t).

The next issue of TREASON will probably be produced in Melbourne. If you and a group of friends would like to take on the responsibility for producing an issue then get in touch. It would be nice to see TREASON produced by different groups all around the country producing issues in rotation. (Notation – that’s a bit like revolution.) TREASON’s address in Post Office Box 37, East Brunswick, Victoria, 3057. Send articles, offers of help, criticism, praise, abuse, and (sorry to have to mention it) MONEY (the dirtiest five-letter word we know) to that address. Send parcel bombs to the police – we’ve had our share.

The Freedom Collective lives at Post Office Box 203, Fremantle, Western Australia, 6160. It’s a bit crowded, twelve of us in a post office box 3’sx3’sx6’s, (but that’s how the housing situation is in Fremantle with the Americans). So send us some money so we can afford to put down a month’s rent on a shoebox – currently about $4,000.

LATENEWSLATENEWSLATE

Mr. David Barker of the Australian Constructions Party made his weekly media release today. Resplendent in his gold-piped spectacles and gleaming University of Western Australia Building Workers’ Industrial Union Official tie, Mr. Barker ensured a good public impact by having the statement delivered by his press secretary while he hid in his office. This saved him, and the public, the embarrassment of him trying to smile or speak, neither of which were on the syllabus in his law course at Uni, so he hasn’t learned how to do either of them properly yet. He’s working on it though, and he hopes to have it off pat before he gets elected as WA’s next Constructions Party Premier — oops, sorry, next one after Brian Kerr, that is — sorry about that Brian. Oh, and don’t forget to mention Peter Cook, you know, the tall one, doesn’t play piano.

Anyway Mr. Barker’s media release stated that he was very concerned about his electorate of Fremantle (no ho) — so much so in fact, that he might even consider living there as soon as it becomes trendy enough.

Particularly Mr. Barker is concerned about the shops in Fremantle (no ho). For the moment he isn’t exactly sure why, but he suspects that it may be something to do with the number of them. These are probably too many or not enough.

Either way Mr. Barker said that the public can rest assured he is concerned and that as soon as some facts can be ascertained he will do his best to change the subject. Meanwhile the Fremantle (no ho) Gazette is very happy to be egocentric.

To conclude Mr. Barker said “Is that alright Brian? Not too controversial was it? Good community appeal, eh? Keeps the party name in limelight. Don’t forget me next time you want to do some Cabinet re-shuffling. Deputy Prem would be nice.”

Love,
David.
HISTORIC FAÇADES

The post-war economic development of the state of Western Australia has been pushed along by a succession of Booms – the secondary Industry Boom of the early 1950s, which saw the establishment of the Kwinana Industrial area; the mineral Boom of the late 1970s, centred upon the North West Shelf natural gas project; and the Boom of the late 1970s, centred upon the West Australian Mining boom.

Following each other in quick succession, each of these Booms has consisted of a variety of economic activity, publicising the government’s role in the development of new industries and the like. The special feature has been the diversion of existing wealth into his own pocket, through vigorous buying and selling, usually with borrowed money, of real estate, properties and television stations. For this reason he was not particularly popular with the common people of this state, or with his fellow bourgeoisie. All that changed when he won the Cup, and now he is a local hero, “Bundy”, the man who wrested the Auld Mug away from the Yanks. He is still buying and selling and piling up capital, his borrowing powers greatly enhanced by his win at Newport.

Immediately the news arrived from Newport, the dollar signs lit up in the eyes of Western Australia’s flamboyant capitalists. The next Cup challenge, to be held in Western Australia, would attract tourists, by the thousands, with pockets stuffed with American dollars ready to spend and spend again. Forthright filling the pockets of Western Australians. Well, the ones who owned the banks and souvenir shops anyway. At last, the state which previous had to rely on visits of American nuclear warships for its tourist dollar would now become a tourist mecca, creating a new and lucrative industry pampering wealthy visitors.

But what about the ordinary people, those with not quite enough money to build a five star hotel on the Scarborough beachfront? For them, jobs, and lots of them. Arduous, demeaning, dead-end and probably only seasonal jobs, but jobs just the same. The less well-off unemployed could be put to work, on reduced-pay traineeships, as bellhops, waitresses and domestics. Jobs could be auctioned off to the lowest bidder – the most desperate for work would take jobs for the least pay. Of course, it would not completely solve the unemployment problem. In any case it is only a problem for the unemployed. Full employment is not a very desirable state of affairs for the capitalist class, and a pool of unemployment is a useful weapon with which to bludgeon workers into submission. Mistakes were made in previous Booms by allowing them to create full employment, with the result that the workers became too uppity, demanding an ever larger slice of the cake. That mistake would not be repeated. But there would still be money for almost everyone in this Boom. No one will suffer, except the poor and disadvantaged, and they are used to it.

The extravagant publicity hype surrounding the America’s Cup is almost impossible to avoid. Car number plates now carry a silhouette of the trophy and the inscription “Western Australia – Home of the America’s Cup”. A previous attempt at incorporating an advertisement for the state in car number plates, imprinted them with the legend “WA – State of Excitement”, caused an uproar when there was widespread objection to having to display what was essentially a political slogan coined by Charlie Court. When the inscription was made optional, few people wanted it that it was eventually scrapped. Hopefully the same fate will befall the current slogan, when Australia loses the wretched thing. Holes in the road and construction projects carry signs proclaiming “A Commonwealth-funded America’s Cup project.” Money is being poured into sprucing the place up for the expected influx of visitors, an undertaking deemed, apparently, not sufficiently worthwhile for the benefit of permanent residents.

The epicentre of the yacht-led tourism Boom is the city of Fremantle, which has become the base for the competing yachts and their multitude of idle rich hangers-on. Already, work is well underway, gouging out the heart of the old city and replacing it with something more sanitised and amenable to the vacuous sensibilities of the average American tourist. The modern conception of a city centre, one held dear by city planners and councillors everywhere, is that the centre should be nothing more than an agglomeration of establishments where people spend money, and the streets should serve only the purpose of facilitating peoples’ progress to places where they can consume. Nowhere is this conception finding fuller expression than in Fremantle. All development taking place is directed towards nothing other than encouraging people to come here and buy things. Several years ago, popular pressure forced the cancellation of an eight storey office project proposed by the American company Alcoa. The project was vigorously defended by the powers that be on the grounds of its capacity to precipitate the spending of more money at

USS CONSTELLATION
CRASH COURSE IN HOSPITALITY
And it’s all because of the Cup

Liberty Guide for Perth

TREASON Number 17 Page 4

TREASON Number 17 Page 5
IT'S MIDNIGHT...

It's midnight and the moon is full and so am I (on some cheap Australian wine). I begin to feel alive at the prospect of doing some late night writing around the metro area. The hours add up to the company they keep, but that's how it is, if it were any different it would be legal and half as nice. As for job satisfaction, never in my entire working history which has been rather short and hopefully mostly behind me now, have I ever regarded misfortune as a pure pleasure and pure excitement from the culmination of a day's work. And the people to whom I may come across that has suddenly sprung up in the middle of the wee hours, I could only have guessed at. Perhaps some would smile, others would be angry, hopefully a few folk will be of the opinion that they too would like to try their hand at this much misunderstood practice, but how will they ever go about it? And surely it must be of a highly illegal nature.

Anyway it's midnight the moon is full and I am trying to find a ball, "oh there across the road" I run over its perfect, about six feet high, as long as I need it and suit any colour. I start to search, all you can here (hold on there's a car) is a snake like this in getting the thought through my mind that every car that passes must surely be able to hear me, well I carry on. I don't want to be left out of the fun. Right, finished, I leap over a fence onto my bike and away, no one has seen me, no one has heard me but wait till the morning...

The journey to my next effort gives way to a dream about a huge pile of work almost in the middle of the city. It's late at night, I've had gallons of wine, paint in excess, all the help you need and plenty of time, hours of it to perfect the ultimate in decorating, a message so bright, so clear and without doubt the finest that anyone could ever see and never forget.

We work all night not stopping except to drink, sigh, and maybe a bite to eat, all feverish with great expectation at what we are creating, a masterpiece, and people will come from far and wide to see it, life will never be the same again, the change is at hand.

Five o'clock and we put the final touches to our nights work, and away we fly, none forever and what have we left...

We watch from a distance a safe one, and we see thousands upon thousands of people arriving for work, for slavery, for the boss, the company and one by one they stop, stare, but yet fully awake after being dragged out of bed by countless electric tea makers, alarm clocks, phone calls and all manner of devices to make them ready for their day, what a day!

Up above the man's heads almost in the clouds is a wall, a funny place for a wall really but there anyway and on it is written in many colours of green, blue, red, black, yellow and orange the words, HQ HQ HQ HQ SOMETHING TO DO TODAY, TODAY IS CANCELLED SO IT IS TOMORROW.

Thoughts are flying, ideas come alive, eyes sparkle, hearts thump. Could it be true, really, really, so work. Perhaps I can visit my friend, finish my book, paint a picture, go fishing, ride my bike, play with the kids, just sit and do nothing, something, anything... No more people start moving back into cars, buses, trains, all going home excite, happy at the thought of 30 more work.

EVERY ONE WANTS TO PLAY
NO ONE WANTS TO WORK

A LONG TIME AGO,
I WENT ON A JOURNEY,
RIGHT TO THE CORNER
OF THE EASTERN OCEAN.

THE ROAD THERE
WAS LONG AND WINDING,
AND STORMY WAVES
BARRIED MY PATH.

WHAT MADE ME
GO THIS WAY?
HUNGER DROVE ME
INTO THE WORLD.
I TRIED HARD
TO FILL MY BELLY,
AND EVEN A LITTLE
SEEMED A LOT.
BUT THIS WAS CLEARLY
A BAD BARGAIN.
SO I WENT HOME
AND LIVED IN IDLENESS.

TAO CH'EN
For myself, and this is a very personal article as well as a strictly anonymous one, the turning point in 1985 was the local anarchist response to the Hawkblock issue.

Karrri forest is an ecosystem endemic to Western Australia. The dominant species Karrri (Eucalyptus diversicolor) grows to heights over 60m although being an incredibly slender tree their real size is often not apparent in photographs or film clips. Really it is only when you walk amongst them that their full grandeur implores itself upon the consciousness. The trees shed their bark each year and the truck change in colour from a white-silver to golden as the seasons progress. Tolkein would have loved karrri forest - there is something definitely high elvish about them. Aesthetically karrri forest is amongst the most overwhelmingly beautiful areas I have seen.

The exploitation of this forest is effectively monopolised by one company, Bunnings, which is using its position to develop into a rather grubby multinational. Having descanted our own forest it is now gaining large concessions in New Guinea. Bunnings manages to buy its timber at something like a third of the price paid by small timber operators. Even with all this the greatest pressure on the forest comes from the woodchipping industry. Originally set up to deal with the “waste” from normal milling now something between 45% (admitted by the Department of Conservation and Land Management (DCLM)) and 50% (estimated by some locals working at Bunnings yards) of the timber cut is chipped and sent to Japan - perhaps to return to us as cardboard boxes.

Selecting logging is a thing of the past in the karrri forest. Coppels (the one in Hawkblock was 197 hectares) are selected. The understory is then bulldozed and cleared and every tree in the coupe is cut down except those designated as seed trees; a hot fire is then put through the coupe to remove any remaining understory and a year or so later the seed trees themselves are removed - the area being left to “regenerate” into an even aged stand that can, hopefully, be cropped again some time in the future.

Hawkblock was one of the very last stands of virgin karrri not enclosed in a national park and the conservation movement had long been working to have the block incorporated into the very small Warren National Park situated upon one border of the block. The coupe chosen for logging was slap bang in the middle of the block - presumably chosen specifically to pre-empt this plan - a tactic that Bunnings had used before with the Shannon block, another area of karrri with its heart ripped out.

When I first visited Hawkblock the process clearing had only just begun and the area was practically in its natural state. Close by were areas that had been cleared in previous years. We had driven through miles of regrowth and, later, we saw the clearfelled areas themselves - hectares of blackened soil and stubble stretching almost to the horizon. This it seemed a symbol for what we are doing to our planet.

From the Amazon basin to the Indonesian rainforest to here with all areas in between. It was this mixture of the general with the specific and the pressure of knowing that something wonderful was being lost that charged the following period with intensity and exhausted us all, and, by way of apology, is the biggest single reason that this edition of Treason took so long to come together.

I was the only member of the anarchist movement to go down south that weekend. The American warships were again turnorn Fremantle into something approaching occupied territory and overlap between us and War Resisters meant that everyone was having a pretty busy time. It is trite to say I came back washed out and tumble dried. For although I have an immense respect for those working in the “straight” conservationist movement I felt that nothing would be done. For to me, at that time, wringing hands before an uninterested press was nothing. And it was to the anarchists I had to go to collapse, and maybe cry a little, and maybe get drunk a little and to get patted on the head and for things to begin to happen.

There are a few anarchists in the state of excitement who work fairly much by themselves in different projects and ways but there are two main groupings. One is around the Freedom Collective, a group that has been going ten years now and has its centre of gravity in the Fremantle area; the other is a little more amorphous and is known as the Anti-Sub Punks. Many of the high of high camp come from the interaction of these two groupings.

Monday night following six Bunnings stores were painted with slogans and their locks were glued (a note on practical anarchy - match sticky spilt over the windows as well as superglue and are less suspicious objects to be carrying around on a dark night - together with superglue they are unbreakable). The dramatic effect came from them being scattered from one end of the metropolitan area to the other. And the stores were quite big with a lot of doors and walls. The media were informed. While this was going on a group of us decided to take action too - well it's the... Karrri Action Group. The dreaded KAG was born.

Overlapping with but by no means identical with the illegal arm of the struggle, pickets were started around the Bunnings stores and offices. One wearing a white mask in the cold. Handing out leaflets, haranguing customers, upsetting managers. Our two banners “NO TO THE KARRRI ACTION GROUP” and “KARRRI = NO FIGHTING” trying to connect the general with the specific. Again immediate media interest. “Do you people know anything about the Karrri Action Group?” “No, don't be silly! Your a totally separate group!” “Yes, ‘Who shall we say you are?’ “Oh we're the... Friends of the Forest” They were very dripped, but fairly amusing to sleepless timber magnates. FoF was born.

The KAG attacks continued and are actually continuing up to the present. FoF never forgets or forgives. Although now of course all we have left is a Hawkblock with a bloody big cassette hole in the middle. The official conservation movement was soon spending more time denouncing us than Bunnings.
VIRGIN KARRI IN HAWKES BLOCK. SUNK INチャー DEATH, 1976.

...our enquiries; the sound of a cop, on defence prodding, shaking the can of paint raised in the crowd to show that it was still nearly full - far too infrequently are the sounds of liberation heard in such places!

The major expedition of the KAC was the trip down to Hawkblock itself. As I've mentioned the seed trees in a coupe designated for clearfelling are 'left standing' for a year or so. Stokes with chainsaws know which trees not to cut because KAC personnel go round beforehand and mark designated seed trees with fluorescent orange 'B'. They use spray cans to do the marking and, apparently, guns to do the choosing as the seed cases have to be shot down from the tops of the giant Karris - it can take some time. Our scheme - obvious really - was aimed at both gaining time and more media publicity. Hawkblock in itself some five hours drive from the metro area. We drove down to a chalet we rented somewhat closer to the stage of operations and spent an afternoon walking in the bush or relaxing and an evening getting drunk together and singing and having a meeting simultaneously before driving off to Hawkblock the next morning. In many ways the expedition was a series of disasters. A wind-screen was broken. The combination of rain and logging trucks made the backroads almost impassable. The paint we brought with us was not a spectacularly good match with the Forestry Department's and tended to smear in the rain which was constant. We had trouble with the video. We never really discovered whether the Department had to go through the block again to sort out the real seed trees from those spontaneously created by the popular resistance. The video was taken up by one of the TV stations in conjunction with a back of the head interview with a KAC spokesperson.

In some ways it was the peak of our little campaign however. Everything continued for some time after this but the strain began to show. Over it all we were only a very small group of people with ordinary lives to live and the limits to which we could have this extra obsession, could live with this intensity and drive and depression become clear and eventually destructive. During this period I recommended smoking. In some ways we began to look not to be able to think about the issue (just for one day, perhaps). We had to have ally hucking type quarrels. And we were losing, everyone was on our side. People almost stood in queues to sign our petition. But they were on our side as isolated individuals and maybe petitions are just ways to do nothing with a good conscience. And every day the chasers were screaming at Hawkblock. Under pressure the officials conservation movement organized one public meeting.

Sometimes I feel that early on in the campaign some real damage should have been done. There is a lot of timber standing unharvested in Bunnings' yards. There was a lot of machinery standing unharvested on hawkblock and it was all talked about. In anger and pain we wanted to be effective and stop the destruction of one small corner of our world but we also knew hate and wanted revenge for what they were doing. I remember believing quite strongly that these people could not leave this forest alone because it was beautiful and with its beauty mocked their lives. In short, however, to petty vandalism as we thought we might win, we didn't wish to alienate any local opinion: a compromise between purity and politics.

With the end of logging in the block our group must become more reflective. If we have a role to play it is, I believe, to use imagination and direct action tactics to focus attention were established interests would welcome it least. We have more time now to think as well as just respond to events and try to evolve a level of activity that is sustainable and not destructive to ourselves.
ABOUT DOMINATION, VIOLENCE
AND PERSONAL POWER

- being dominated feels like always wondering if I did the right thing.
- being dominated feels like having fantasies instead of real experiences and never managing to act out the fantasies.
- being dominated feels like being afraid to tell the shop assistant he's made a mistake.
- being dominated feels like thinking no, no, actions or demons will ever get these warships out of town.
- being dominated feels like checking myself out when I see a cop in the street.
- being dominated feels like having a lengthy discussion with my friend (when I was straight) about how sleeping together would ruin our friendship.
- being dominated feels like believing my male lover in love with me when he tells me I am getting too involved.
- being dominated feels like justifying my personal shortcomings by my sexist upbringing.
- being dominated feels like women defining themselves negatively.
- being dominated feels like when my child's happiness depends on getting one of the commercial wonders advertised on TV because her friend at school has got one.
- being dominated feels like the garage mechanic not believing me when I tell him what needs to be fixed in my car.

My experience of being dominated varies from yours. The more our sex/class/race/age/background differs the more our experience of being dominated will differ. By reflecting on what it feels like to you you may be more aware of what it feels like to be dominated for X or Y. I may also use that awareness to understand how being dominated feels to a person I dominate.

- dominating feels like throwing away my 5 year old's discarded toys without her knowing.
- dominating feels like not being keen on going out with the same child because she chose her own clothes this morning and nothing matches.
- dominating feels like not questioning that I am being given full attention by her teacher to talk about the child when I know that Josephine's mother won't get half that time.
- dominating feels like not seeing that the belief that blacks are better in bed is sheer racial discrimination.
- dominating feels like needing directions in town and mindlessly bypassing two Aborigines in search of someone else to help me.
- dominating feels like having a succession of 17 year old lovers after the break up of that long term relationship.
- dominating feels like sleeping with my friend's friend knowing he'll get hurt but well everyone has to learn to handle jealousy.
- dominating feels like that smug kind of pleasure I experience when I'm handling my single parenting better than so and so.
- dominating feels like telling someone what I think is wrong with them once they have confided in me their troubles.

Did you reflect on what dominating feels like to you and did you find any similarity with the feeling experienced when dominated? Even if dominating is harder to describe because we are not as eager to recognize ourselves as oppressors as we are as victims.

From a very early age in order to fit within a social context we learn its pattern of hierarchy, stereotypes to be compartmentalized in our minds. If we did question the domination platforms and victimization pits of our lives we may develop new sensitivity in our relationships with others. We would no longer rely on hierarchy structures and oppression in all its forms and then maybe racism, sexism, militarism and some other imps would be on the decline.

DEAR ANARCHIST,

You and your equally disreputable friends are often to be seen protesting at the military bases that dot our country. It is clear however, that you fail to recognize the real function of these installations in our glorious democratic country.

Whilst the citizenry at large are 'free' to gambol about in a consumerist paradise the inmates of military bases are locked away behind awesome fortifications. Inside these compounds the military are burdened twenty-four hours a day with the force of direct and brutal authority. On the outside the civilian citizen is, by contrast, only subjected to the peering authority of bureaucrats or unfortunate confrontation with the constabulary. Direct proof to the public that even within their own nation-state there are others who have much less 'freedom' than they enjoy themselves.

Imagine how the military subjects must feel when faced with a group of people (standing just outside the confines of their enclosure) dancing, singing, expressing themselves with pressure-lick paint and generally having a good time. Once guard duty is finished the military subject faces being yelled at by a superior, only then to line up with their 'mates' to be fed like so many obedient cattle. Occasionally the military are liberated by being sent to murder and yell abuse at people in foreign lands. This is of course literally reported in the media so the public can sit back in their loungerooms and say 'Tut tut' at these unfortunate who do not live in democratic countries. So, once again the citizen comes to realize how happy they ought to feel about their day to day life.

Thus we continue the base misunderstanding of democracy founded by the Greeks who had slaves so that the citizen had someone against whom they could feel smug and superior.

I ask that the next time you engage in taunting the military with evidence of their subjection that you spare a thought for the poor soul behind the uniform..................pathetic.

Yours,
The Hyena.
**GETTING ARRESTED**

The details of the law in this article are specific to Western Australia, but the general principles apply everywhere.

**Introduction**

You are at risk of being arrested almost all the time, but especially if you are young and active. Many people end up getting into a lot of trouble over very trivial matters, often because they didn’t know what to expect, didn’t know what to do and didn’t know what their rights are.

The aim of this article is to help you in your dealings with the police. Remember that freedom is forewarned. And if any of this seems a bit vague or heavy handed, or obvious, it is worth remembering that the knowledge explained here will all gain the hard way.

**Setting Stopped**

If you are approached by the police at any time you are legally obliged to tell them your correct name and address. You are not obliged to tell them anything else. They will usually ask for your date of birth and occupation and it’s usually not worth refusing. Giving a false name or address is an offence under section 50 of the Police Act. If the police claim the address or name that you have given are false then they are entitled to take steps to establish your identity. The law does not say what they are allowed to do to establish this however.

If you are approached by a plain clothes police officer you are still obliged under section 50 to give your name and address even if they don’t show their ID. It is no defence in a court that they didn’t show you their ID, but in theory police regulations state they are supposed to show you their card on request. The card comes in a small blue plastic wallet with “Police” stencilled on it in silver. Inside there should be a card bearing the officers’ photograph and full name and some other details. In theory you have a right to read the card. In practice you will be lucky to have time to read the name.

The street the police only have the right to search on is usually too far and anyway all they have to do is say they suspect that you might be carrying illegal drugs or stolen property. You can try to insist on this but ‘you usually won’t get very far and anyway all they have to do is say they suspect that you might be carrying illegal drugs or stolen property and they can legally search you.

It is the law that you can only be searched by a police officer of the same sex as you or by a doctor.

When you are being questioned by the police you are not legally obliged to answer their questions. Almost anything you can say can be used against you and anything you say can do you no good. In practice it’s almost impossible to stop answering questions as soon as they say “that’s what I’m asking you” and “I don’t know” and similar non-answers. However if you are questioning if your right to be in a certain place or doing a certain thing it’s often worth proving you are doing what you claim by showing that you have the owner’s permission to borrow a car they think you might have stolen or producing some proof that you live in your house if you get stopped breaking in the front window because you’ve lost your key.

However if you are up to no good and they obviously intend to continue questioning you then it’s best to tell them firmly that you have a right to remain silent and you intend to use that right. You won’t be charged with refusing to answer questions, but you can be charged with committing a false answer. You will have to judge on each occasion what the chances are that they’ll arrest you anyway if you refuse to answer questions, but remember that you should say as little as possible to avoid such risks.

If you tell them that you intend to remain silent then make sure you stick to it. Once you start to backtrack they immediately gain the upper hand.

Often people are asked to accompany the police to the station for further questioning. You are under no legal obligation to go anywhere with the police unless you are under arrest or to state what you might say at the time to the contrary. If you let them know that you know then they can obviously less likely to get harrassed, but don’t rely on it. They don’t like people being smart about the law.

They may want to talk to you on your own to get you to reveal information that you might be able to use for something else.

**Arrest**

You can be arrested at any time, anywhere in Australia in your home, in your car, on the street. To be arrested you should be told that you are under arrest and on what charge. If the police grab you without saying anything that is also a legal arrest. The police don’t have to say exactly what you will be charged with but in theory they are supposed to tell you why you have been arrested.

Before they question you they are supposed to tell you of your right to remain silent. This is a right that is not condered to be one that most people often don’t even need to be appraised of as it is usually remembe to them when they go to court.

If you are seized by the police and not told that you are under arrest then demand to know whether they are or not. If you are not then why you have been arrested then demand to know.

Try to stay calm.

If you are arrested try to let someone know what has happened. If possible give them your name, whom you are being taken away by and why. Calling out to passer-bys is better than nothing at all. By the same token, if you are being arrested find out who they are and why they are under arrest, but do it carefully or you might get arrested for hindering.

A point to note about running away is that if you run away or try to get away after you have nabbed you that counts as resisting arrest. However if you run away after you are arrested, even if they catch you it only counts as hindering.

Right to a telephone. Remember that once arrested you have the right to make a telephone call to a friend or a lawyer. Demand to be allowed to make a telephone call; if you are not right if you law so there’s little you can do if they refuse.

Demand to be charged or released. If you are not charged then demand to be released. They are legally allowed to keep for yourself for two hours without charging you but if you are kept longer than a few hours without being charged then you start having grounds for a complaint.

Once you are charged you should be allowed to be released on bail for all but serious offences, though if you get picked up in the evening and they want a surety they can lay the night because a 23 hour is too sure for surety and they don’t like to come in at night.

Once you have been charged you are legally obliged in this case to give your fingerprints and photograph. On your first arrest they take two sets of prints, then one set at every later arrest. The law also says that the police have to keep any other reasonable kept to establish your identity. This has included video recording of your movements and tapping of your voice as you say your name and address. The legality of this has yet to be tested in court.

In theory you have a right to have the fingerprints and photographs destroyed if you are subsequently found not guilty. In theory.

**Dealing with Questioning**

The police use a variety of tactics to get information out of people, their job and they’re quite good at it if is to get enough information out of a suspect. But right is out to their advantage when you go to court.

Most of the tactics they use are based on some sort of trickery or dishonesty and many are illegal, by the way, and it doesn’t just work that ones that do not seem to bother them very much. After all they are the law. Some of their favoured tactics are as follows.

If they say questioning “did you do this?”

Keep your mouth shut.

Getting you talking about apparently innocent things “did you drive here or catch a bus” then you can ask them questions once they have got you talking. Keep your mouth shut.

‘We know everything so might as well confess.’

They’re bluffing, and even if they’re not – keep your mouth shut. ‘We’ve got the evidence.’

They haven’t or they wouldn’t be questioning you about it. And even if they have – keep your mouth shut.

Isolation. ‘They leave you on your own in a cell’ for hours on end before questioning you. Try to stay calm – many people find it useful to try and sleep, but be wary of being caught off guard. They might make up a question you, and keep your mouth shut.

Plants. ‘I used to be here as far as I know but popular in other places, is in your pocket.’

Tell them you don’t know what you are being accused of.

Debriefing. ‘You’re under arrest’.

Tell them you were arrested for some obvious reason.

Intimation. ‘This is a serious case.

Tell them you don’t know anything about the case.

There’s nothing you can say to the cops that will help. Save it for court.

Actual violence. ‘There’s no much you can do about this. There’s little point in trying to fight back – there’s a lot of them, most of them are as well and many of them are quite good at it, and of course, if necessary, they are fully entitled to use all of it to injure you to yourself and keep your mouth shut.

If you think it’s safe try to make a complaint to the desk sergeant when you are allowed to write down what happened to you including the
Your mate reckons
You did it!

"Your mate reckons you did it!" An old favourite and deceptively successful. They are almost certainly telling you the exact same thing in the next room. Don't be fooled, don't worry about what your mate has or hasn't said, there's nothing you can do about it anyway, and keep your mouth shut.

Gerridan. The big one and there's not much you can do about them. Verbal are typewritten "Records of Interview" between you and the cops in which you admit everything. They can be accepted as evidence in court even if you have not signed them. Often you won't even know about them until you get to court. Various tactics have been tried or suggested for dealing with verba, but the chances of discounting a verbal are remote. Try these tactics if you like but don't rely on any of them.

If you think you are about to be verbally made a statement. The cops will be quite pleased if you announce that you wish to make a statement. In the statement however, you don't gain forth evidence of your guilt, but say that you have been under arrest for a amount of time and you have not answered the police questions, you have a right to remain silent and you exercise that right and continue not to answer questions. Say that you are requesting a copy of the statement and you are going to ask that it be produced in court. If you want to take the risk you can say in the statement that you suspect that you are about to be verbally made a statement and we suspect that the statement will go straight into the bin, but it may be worth a try.

Don't say anything else in the statement and once you've made the statement - keep your mouth shut.

Here we come to an excellent illustration of the importance of not saying anything. All those seemingly harmless questions that you answered with seemingly harmless trivial answers exactly what the cops needed to pad out a verbal. Sentences that say "Yes, I agree, I did it, it's a fair cop" are alternated with your genuine replies to their genuine questions which seemed harmless. If the cops present a verbal in court, half of which is completely obvious you're talking, you're going to look very silly trying to argue that you never said everything except the incriminating bits. You've got to admit it sounds a bit nuts. But if you didn't answer their "innocent" questions they haven't got all that material. One chance you've got of discounting a fake verbal is if the things you are supposed to have said are very clearly different from the way you actually speak.

So keep your mouth shut. A second tactic hasn't been tested in court is to present a Statutory Declaration which was made before your arrest in which you clearly state your innocence remain silent if questioned by police. Again, it might not work, but maybe worth a try.

Photographs. The police may show you pictures of yourself or other people doing things or just from their files. Never admit that it is you in a photo even if it is. Photographs by themselves are not sufficient evidence in court to prove anything. They need a statement or testimony from the photographer, or a confession from you, to back them up.

Never admit that you know anyone pointed out in the photos, or whose name is mentioned to you. Casual statements can get friends harassed, intimidated or arrested. If nothing else it all provides extra background for the police to keep your mouth shut.

This can not be said often or too loud. The majority of convictions, other than very obvious ones like getting caught in the act, result from people trying to talk their way out of trouble, and talking themselves into admitting their guilt. Many people are easily led into making statements that get themselves or their friends into trouble. Except as a tactic to try to prevent a verbal DO NOT MAKE A STATEMENT. No matter what the police say at the time you are under no legal obligation whatsoever to make a statement. Even if you have a lawyer present you are still not obliged to make a statement. Seek legal advice by all means, but do not be fooled into thinking that it is safe to make a statement just because your lawyer is there. It is still best to SAY NOTHING. Get a lawyer if you want - they can help you get out of the lock up - but out of ignorance (yes, lawyers are ignorant of the law), stupidity, or just nice they can get you into a lot of trouble.

So even with a lawyer - SAY NOTHING.

Do Not Sign anything except the forms which are receipts for your property which they take off you, and the bail forms. If, despite all this advice, you do make a statement always sign as close as possible to the end of the writing on each page to stop them adding further incriminating details. (It has happened).

Do Not Be Fooled into thinking that you can talk your way out of trouble. It doesn't work. There is nothing that you can say that isn't potentially incriminating. The most innocuous sounding statements have got people into trouble before. It's not only you at risk, it's your friends as well. Anything you say will add to the information in their files if nothing else.

Afterwards.
After you are released write down everything you remember as soon as possible. Don't rely on being able to remember it all later. I promise you - it never works.

Try to remember all the names and numbers of all the cops who question you and write them down. In theory you have a right to write everything down as you are being questioned. In theory.

Try to remember the names of all other people questioned by the police and if you know them let them know as soon as possible what the cops said as exactly as you can. Do the same with any photos they show you.

Bail
If at any time a friend is arrested, don't go alone to the station to help them. Try to take a lawyer with you. Failing that try an upstanding member of the community - doctors or ministers or similar if you know any.
Failing that go with a friend. (or two). If you go to bail someone out remember that you could be hauled yourself. A few years ago a guy in Gerridan went to bail out a friend and got severely beaten up. People outside could hear him screaming. He later got twelve months for assaulting police. If you want to get someone out on bail you may have to front up with cash. Always get a receipt. If there is a surety on the bail, which there often is, then a property owner has to sign a form in front of a JP, so be prepared for long delays.

And one more thing...

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
VISITING FRIENDS

Strange place to talk. What’s going on?
Three people in a corridor. There is shouting, accusations, threats, proxemics, abuse, pushing and shoving. Tell me this is a nightmare.
I'm hit, winded. More shoving, hand at my throat.
Too shocked and stunned to say anything.
More threats. A later attempt to communicate with a friend cut short. The result is that I’m isolated on my own again. I know what has happened but I can’t believe it, or don’t want to.
The immense powerlessness of this situation.
Once again they talk with me, more threats. They want something from me. After several hours I give it to them. I just couldn’t take their shit any more.
They choose the game and make the rules. I just wanted to get away from their place.
When they are finished with me, I’m put out in the rain. I feel sick, a sort of hollow empty feeling. What have I just done?
I was detained by the 44A Police Force for a total of 28 hours that day, with only a cup of tea and a glass of water as hospitality.
Is this part of the democracy our two-faced leaders tell us about? If it is then it can show us.
It will work towards a self-managed society.

THE EXECUTION

Three trees by the law were found guilty of harbouring the aliens in their leaves.
The sentence was carried out before the assembled people. The children in front by schools with their teachers.
The trees were first stripped of their leaves then hanged by their branches so that they swung when the wind came.
The children sang the sweet old forest solitude song and pressed leaves in schoolbooks as a warning example.

Erich Fried

Reprinted without permission from “German Writing Today” edited by Christopher Middleton, Penguin, 1967

OBEEDIENCE TO THE LAW IS FREEDOM

The law does punish men or women who steal the goose from the common but lets the greater felon loose that steals the common from the goose.

Anonymous, 18th century

TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A FISH SNIFFER

I must confess cheap attempts to get attention, such as this, began when I met those crazy characters known as Paul and Graham. Later they blew me up that time with a magnum bomb. Damn these were the anarchists, old man.

Well, I’ve progressed beyond fish sniffing since then but at that time things were pretty fishy. Vietnam was pretty fishy, just like Ronnie Reagan is pretty fishy.

The Special Branch came round one time (even though they didn’t officially exist – pretty fishy) but we were prepared. Had a contact list lying around with names taken at random from the phone book and they didn’t even notice.

There were times of course when I thought I should give fish sniffing a try. But I had become drug crazed by this time and spent my days hanging around prisons checking out Her Majesty’s fish. (She’s got a lot of ’em)

By this stage I’d run into other disreputable characters like Mike and Bryce of the fisher king and helped put out lots of fish wrapping like “Please Yourself” and later “News from Nowhere”.

Things changed a bit, people came and went, grouse came and went and then we found ourselves involved in trying to stop the mining and export of fish cakes. And it seemed by this time the numbers of disreputable characters around had grown disproportionately greater than their number of arrests and as such posed an incomprehensible threat to placide society.

Late we seem to be sniffing out a lot of fish around American warships and police lockdowns. And we can now print our own fish wrapping. Thanks progress for you. Of course there’s lots of other fishy business going on but the writing is on the walls.*** I’ve forsaken fish sniffing and now taken a firm grip on Earthly reality reality. I’ve seen the light. It’s where it is. Why cant people see the inherent contradictions of capitalist wage slavery can only – be resolved by revolutionary dogma***2 (or fishkm) but by hippopotamic consciousness.

Seal.

rupert

***An infamous piece of external decoration around here is, “There once was a land of laughing trees”
***2 “My karma ran over my dogma” – well known hippy saying.
ABOUT HOUSING CO-OPS

Traditionally in Australia, security, choice and control over housing has been the privilege of house owners. Recently attempts have been made to reverse that situation. Rather than struggling on their own with these housing problems, various groups have been formed to protect their interests and ensure that their needs are met.

The creation of housing co-ops.

There are two kinds of housing co-ops, one in which all members own the whole house, and another where each member has an individual property. In the former case, the house is owned by the whole group and managed by them. In the latter case, the house is owned by each member individually and managed by the group as a whole.

Support groups.

A co-operative housing advisory and information service is available to help the co-op with practical advice and to link with government bodies. The State Advisory Committee (SAC) oversees the development of all the funds available to co-ops, and is made up of representatives from the main groups involved, including those representing homesteaders, building societies and co-op members.

A representative of the Homestead Housing Society (HHS) is eligible to be a voting member of the co-op.

An architect is employed by the co-op to advise on building designs. His main job is to assist in the design of the buildings, and to ensure that the buildings are suitable for one or two people, and that they are constructed using local materials.

This co-operative activity is breaking the spirit of the government policy, and they feel this is potentially forthcoming. Why else would they invest millions of dollars in continued development?

The mining companies are just waiting for a further weakening of government attitude, and they feel this is potentially forthcoming. Why else would they invest millions of dollars in continued development?

They must continue to pressure politicians and bureaucracy to resist or they will get more uranium and the consequent environmental degradation by our default. Of greatest concern is the apparent standard practice of encouraging the destruction of any evidence of traditional Aboriginal occupation of exploration areas, particularly in areas where Aboriginals have been forced away for many years. This is to avoid any complications under the toothless Aboriginal Heritage Act. Artifacts are taken away, hidden, or buried, artwork erased with wire brushes, and sacred ground damaged so as to make them unrecognisable.

These acts are perpetrated by company lawyers such as geologists, and assay workers. They are almost impossible to prove unless one of these people forwards a tip off and has a stricken conscience. It is this style of approach that gives a true indication of the mentality and morality of the 'crash and smash' mining giants that are here only to profit themselves at the expense of environment and culture (black and white).
Nuclear Warship Visits: Background Notes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YEAR</th>
<th>QLD</th>
<th>N.S.W.</th>
<th>VICT</th>
<th>S.A.</th>
<th>W.A.</th>
<th>N.T.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1980</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1981</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1982</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1983</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1984</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Including Jervis Bay
Nuclear-powered warships shown in brackets
Table 1980-1984 published in Hansard, The Senate, 8/5/85 pp 1576-1581
1985 figures from U.S. Information Service, Canberra.

NUMBER OF CALLS TO W.A. PORTS BY U.S. NAVAL VESSELS COMPARED WITH NUMBER OF CALLS TO ALL OTHER AUSTRALIAN PORTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YEAR</th>
<th>Female</th>
<th>Male</th>
<th>Solitary</th>
<th>Grouped</th>
<th>By Banks</th>
<th>By Anchorage</th>
<th>By Other</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Rest of ALS</th>
<th>% to W.A.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1980</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1981</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>7.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1982</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>7.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1983</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>7.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1984</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>6.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1985</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>6.7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1985 figures from U.S. Information Service, Canberra.

I wanted to publish these figures on U.S. ship visits to Australia to let people know how important this issue is so far anti nuclearists in W.A. in 1985 we were visited by 514 fleet vessels, 33 within easy reach of our homes, we are invaded by thousands of military personnel on R and R, we have been harassed by police and people who support the ships in our attempts to take action against the invasions. Taking any effective direct action against this massive naval force is in itself an enormous problem. While we continue to do what we can...

TREASON Number 17 Page 22

CONTACTS

Victoria
Treason, Post Office Box 37, East Brunswick, 3057.
Libertarian Economics Bulletin, Post Office Box 105, North Fitzroy, 3068.
Libertarian Workers for a Self-Managed Society, Post Office Box 20, Parkville, 3052.
Monash Anarchist Society, c/o Monash University, Clayton, 3166.
H. & D. Caffrey, 313 Main Street, Northcote, 3070.
F. C. Caffrey, 17A Acland Street, Saint Kilda, 3182.
Western Australia
Freedom Collective, Post Office Box 203, Fremantle, 6160.
None is the number, Guild of Undergraduates, University of Western Australia, Nedlands 6009.
A.C.T.
Black Lamas (Canberra Crimes Collective) GPO Box 1814, A.C.T. 2601.
Tasmania
Tasmanian Anarchists, 34 Kennedy Street, Launceston, 7250.
Queensland
Libertarian Socialist Organisation, Post Office Box 223, Broadway, 4000.
Catholic Worker, Post Office Box 167, West End, 4101.
Tapepleas (anarchist band) and the Mogville Clarion, c/o Post Office Box 134, Saint Lucia, 4074.
Rural Anarchists, M. Palmer and E. Scott, Murrumburrah, M.S. 500, Warwick, 4370.
New South Wales
Jura Books, 471 King Street, Newtown, 2042.
Redfern Black Rose Anarchist Bookshop, 36 Botany Road, Alexandria, 2015.
Black Rose Books, Post Office Box 271, Kings Cross, 2011.
The Fungs Baron Library - contact through Jura Books.
Rebel Worker - Sydney group, 1st floor, 417 King Street, Newtown, 2042.
Tweed Heads/Kingscliff, People for Peace and Anarchy, c/o 24 Skigman Street, Kingscliff, 2487.
OUT OF THIS CHAOS
WILL COME A NEW EQUILIBRIUM

THE HIPPO
WILL RISE FROM
THE ASHES OF THE FISH

PLANETARY HEALING
THE REVOLUTION BEGINS WITH YOU.
WE'RE ALL AS SCARED AS EACH OTHER AND AS BOLD AS SOMEONE ELSE.

THE CORPSE OF PASSION
STINKS OF GIBBET OF MAMMON

TO HELL WITH THE
AMERICA'S CUP!

A WAR A DAY KEEPS THE CAPITALIST IN PAY

A TRAGIC TRAGEDY INTO THE SUNSHINE

THE RED ONES THAT FOR BURGERS

THE PEOPLE'S FLAG IS DEEPEST BLACK

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY

WHY DOES IT FEEL WORSE WHEN THE BARB IS WITHDRAWN?

THE WORLD IN DISORDER

A WARM DAY"